

The Pocahontas Times.

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THE NATURE FAKERS.

SOME FACTS AND NEAR FACTS ABOUT THE WONDER-WORLD

Definition: NAURALIST, one versed in natural history, especially in zoology and botany. For example the good lady who had her Sunday School class on an outing: "O see the ugly tad-poles, and to think that some day they will be beautiful butterflies."

THE BUILDERS

The building business is not monopolized by man. Many sorts of animals build something-homes generally though some sorts have other accomplishments.

Spiders produce a silky thread out of which they make different things. Some build snares and there capture their prey. An interesting species—the trap door spider—lives in a burrow in the earth, lined with silk the opening of which is exactly fitted with a lid of earth and web.

Moles spend their time tunneling the earth for food. Incidentally by loosening the soil and destroying harmful creatures they help the farmer though they do not hesitate to harm any roots in their way. Moles are interesting and energetic builders. Mole hills are thrown up in their search for earth worms, but their regular dwelling is larger than a mole hill. There are two galleries, the upper of which is connected with a central chamber by three passages. The two galleries are connected by five passages and from the lower nine lead away in different directions. No passage enters a gallery opposite the place where another leaves it. To provide means of escape when necessary, there is a passage leading downward from the central chamber, then upward to join a highroad, which the mole forms and always keeps open.

The architecture of birds is varied. Almost every material is used by some kind of bird: twigs, grasses, moss, plant fibres, rootlets, cobwebs, paper, rags, string, horsehair, rushes and feathers. Kingfishers build a peculiar nest. A tunnel is made in a sand bank and at the end an enlarged chamber. The red throated hummingbird and the wood peewee build beautiful nests of plant fibres ornamented with lichens.

The yellow throated blackbird chooses a pond or slough in which are upright canes. Around these it weaves rushes to form a deep nest.

One of the most interesting builders is the wasp. The solitary wasp nests in a burrow in the sand or builds for itself a cell, but the social wasps build more elaborate homes. Their material is wood fibre, torn by their mandibles and converted by saliva into a sort of paper—a process similar to our manufacture of paper.

The most intelligent builders it seems are the bees. Their combs with their systematic arrangement

are familiar but it is astonishing to discover that bees are capable of all that the naturalist gives them credit for when in speaking of a piece of this comb he says: "In it are practically solved, by an instinct which can only be referred to the infinite wisdom of the Creator, some problems difficult to human science, particularly in the combination of the greatest economy of materials and of space with the most perfect convenience and the greatest strength."

TOM.

THE PROGRESSIVES

In the old time under the old kings the Passenger Pigeons were the most numerous and the most powerful of all the bird kingdoms. When the king, Wild Pigeon would move on his grand tour, more than two billion subjects would follow in his train, and they traveled by the sun and took that the goodly land had to offer in the way of pigeon food.

The big city of the pigeons was located in the state of Michigan and this city was a heavily wooded tract of country twenty-eight miles long by four miles broad, and every tree in that great country was full of pigeon nests.

While the old king lived, he made all the pigeons do exactly as their ancestors had done before them. The pigeons were not very brainy. They had beautiful feathers, slate-blue on the back and rich rusty red on the breasts, and they were very happy and contented, and there was no end to the way the tribe increased. They knew enough to know that they were not very smart, and knowing this they did not miss wisdom as far as some of the folks might think.

But the old king passed away and the new king began to have visions and to dream dreams, and he began to chatter about what he called progress. He knew that his people were numerically strong but he did not like them to stick to the old ways and not go in for improvement.

An old, old pigeon, who had lost most of his feathers and whose breast was white told him that ancient things were always to be respected, but the young king replied that we are too much inclined to praise that which is ancient, and too careless of the wisdom which is modern.

One of the innovations that was adopted by the colony with enthusiasm was a new way of building nests. Under the old style the nests were made with tight bottoms as being more agreeable to the ancient constitution, but in the new administration a nest was built with a small hole in the floor, just large enough to let an egg slip through. In this way the nest was not cluttered up with the eggs and the egg shells and the pigeons prided themselves upon this advance in the architecture of their homes. They noticed too, that whereas there had been few wild animals under the trees before, that now millions of varmints came and fed upon the pigeons.

"What on earth she want ter paint the house red fer?" he asked.

"Well sir, ter hear that gal explain it is a caution. She says as how it ud be so much more attractive that way. They say she done told her pa that it ud make all the family feel so much better and they'd have so much more energy that they'd soon make up in fextry work what the paint ud cost. Yes sir, she says she wants her surroundings as attractive as possible."

"Hide!" exclaimed Bill. The two crept under a leaf while the object of their discussion stepped daintily into their house.

"Jake, old friend you've saved me," said Bill heartily. "I was goin' ter send my daughter to that ar school. Home economies! Gee!"

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS

Bill and Jake Hornet were sitting out on the limb in front of their house reading the latest (di of the Daily Drone, the only newspaper of Waspsville.

"Wall, wall, Jake," exclaimed Bill presently, adjusting his spectacles as he spoke, "I see here as how old Sam Wasp's daughter have come home from the seminary fer young ladies. Yes sir, here it is, all writ up purty. It says (Every one will rejoice with the happy parents in their reunion. Such an accomplished and skillful young lady must be a joy and comfort to their aged hearts.)"

"It all sounds mighty fine," broke in Jake, "but from what I've heard tell, I don't believe that ar is as true as it sounds."

"Now, Jake what you goin' ter throw cold water on everything fer? I've no doubt the young lady is a very nice gal."

Jake did not reply. Presently he chuckled. Then he slapped his hands on his knees and burst into a loud laugh.

"Now what you goin' ter cackling like that fer?" inquired Bill plaintively.

"Hee, hee, hee," wheezed old Jake. Laboriously he arose, and pointing to his house, inquired between his chuckles, "Say Bill, how'd you like to have our house painted red?"

Bill considered this remark unworthy of an answer and returned to his paper.

"That's what old Sam's daughter says," declared Jake. It seems she's taken a course in home economics or something like that and she's jest about to tear the house down over that."

Here Jake was forced to interrupt himself long enough to laugh.

By this time Bill was thoroughly roused. He looked at his companion openmouthed.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR

By W. H. HULL.

The next day after the battle of McDowell, or Sittlington's Hill, we followed on after General Millroy to the vicinity of Franklin, Pendleton county.

After forming lines of battle and the placing of our batteries in position for battle, General Millroy still continuing to retreat that night under cover of darkness, we fell back to the forks of the waters, and the next day continued our march in the direction of the Valley of Virginia.

On the night of the 11th of May we camped in Genings Gap, near the old Buckhorn Tavern. The men of our regiment were greatly disappointed when we were called on to turn our backs on our homes and the dear ones we had left behind us.

Many had been the speculations as to where we would establish our lines of defense; whether on the summit of the Alleghany or Cheat mountain, or still further west, were questions we could not fully decide, but as it turned out, they were questions we were never called upon to decide.

On the night of the 12th we camped on the hills southwest of Bridgewater. The morning of the 13th ushered in dark and foggy. The fog finally cleared away and we began to take a view of that section of the beautiful Shenandoah valley where we afterwards spent so much of our soldier life. Our position was advantageous for taking a good view of the surrounding country. "A land where every prospect pleases, and man alone is vile." We were perfectly delighted with the beautiful fields of wheat and corn, the wide acres of meadow and grazing lands, and in addition to all the other beautiful scenery, there, nesting below us on the banks of the North river, was the beautiful little town of Bridgewater. Everything in art and nature seemed to conspire together to cheer our drooping spirits; but in spite of all these pleasing attractions it was hard for some of us at least, to overcome a degree of homesickness, a desire to see the dear ones at home, and attend Sunday School and preaching with them.

All these things brought about something of a conflict of feelings, and I might add emotions as well. Here we got our first good view of General Stonewall Jackson. It is true we had had a glimpse of him on the march as he had ridden along the line, but we had gotten scarcely a snapshot of the man and were anxious to draw conclusions from a closer contact.

About 10 o'clock the assembly was beaten and the Chaplain of the regiment soon made his appearance and took a stand on an incline of the ground the men gathered around him, a good old familiar hymn was announced, and while we were making the welkin ring with male voices, two distinguished looking personages in full uniform were seen approaching. They came up to the edge of the assembly and took their stand in front of the Chaplain. It was General T. J. Jackson and General R. S. Ewell. General Ewell took his stand on the right of his superior officer in true military style. The Generals uncovered their heads, folded their arms and stood erect, seemingly, without moving a muscle during the entire service. After the benediction was pronounced the two generals walked up and shook hands with the chaplain, spoke a few kindly words, and then turned and walked briskly away. During the preaching service there was at least one boy in the congregation seated there on the grass, whose attention was very much divided between the sermon and the generals. General Ewell was not at that time a religious man; in fact it was said that upon occasion he could fire off the oaths without punctuation marks. He was an old bachelor, but after the war he married the sweetheart of his youthful days, professed religion and became a good christian.

So many writers of literary

ability have written of the life and character of "Stonewall Jackson" that it would look like belated effort to attempt to add anything to the lustre of his character either as a christian man or as a great general. We saw him upon a number of battlefields, and the thing that impressed us most was his great and untiring energy, his quick perception and his power to inspire his soldiers with that confidence without which no general can hope to achieve success.

General Jackson's military genius, that has been a puzzle to so many minds, consisted in his willingness and ability to work. He did not establish his headquarters three or four miles in the rear and rely upon the information derived from staff officers and couriers, but on the contrary, whatever importance he may have accredited to such information, he was always seen passing from one view point to another along the line of battle, frequently alone, taking his observations, and when he would pass near the lines, such was the confidence and high esteem in which he was held, that the men would cheer him to the echo.

It is true his diligence cost him his life—but such is war. All the great generals of ancient medieval, and modern times have possessed the power of inspiring their soldiers with confidence, not alone in their courage, but in their ability to place their armies in the most advantageous positions to accomplish great results. The general who looks upon his men as a set of dummies will sooner or later awaken to a realization of his mistakes. A few bad blunders or a few failures to avail himself of strategic opportunities to gain victories at small cost, will soon make him the victim of criticism on the part of his men and a lack of that confidence so necessary to success.

An instance of that confidence to which we refer occurred at the second battle of Manassas. After our brigades, under General Early had retaken our line in a railroad cut, from which a Georgia brigade had been forced to retire, we found the enemy had made a flank movement on the left of our line, and soon they began firing right up the line to the great discomfort of our men. The men became restless, fearing that they would have to retire from their position of being captured, when some one called out, "Boys hold your position, Stonewall will soon attend to those fellows." It acted like an electric shock. Confidence was restored.

In a short time we heard cheering up the line and looking in that direction, we saw General Jackson on "old Sorrel," in full gallop, passing over the high ground in our rear, going in the direction of the left of our line followed by a section of a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry, all moving at a quickened gait, nor was it long until there was something going on in that quarter. There was no more firing up our line.

Our cheering as the General passed to the left drew the fire of the enemy's artillery and a shell exploding, killed a poor soldier lying on the bank of the railroad cut next to the writer. The first thing I knew, when I recovered consciousness, I was staggering around looking for my hat which had been blown off my head by the concussion of the explosion of the shell.

BUCKEYE

Cold enough for frost. Nicer corn showers and corn is growing fine; oats is fine; wheat is ripe and fairly good; cherries will soon be gone; raspberries are getting ripe and there is a good prospect for blackberries.

The health of the peoples is good, and the candidates are all gone, the mourners are plentiful; and Mexico is still running at large. Why don't our president turn Uncle Sam's bull dogs loose and clean the place out.

Porter Kellison had two ewes that clipped 10 and 11 pounds, and two lambs that weighed 70 and 72 pounds. Who can beat that?

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FOURTH OF JULY, 1916

By ANNA L. PRICE

Fling out the wide banner, let glad anthems rise, Thanksgiving and praise aloft to skies;

For the national day comes around once more, With national freedom, athwart shore to shore.

Ye youths and fair maidens, ye old ones, as well, Be glad and right joyful, and good tidings tell;

Peace and prosperity, north, south, east and west, As united we stand, of blessings, the best.

Clouds on the horizon, and storms may arise, But the ship of our state, is staunch and helm-wise;

And the days order given, for captain and crew, Is July the 4th's morning, the red, white and blue.

Miss Sue Beery from Mt. Clinton, Va., is visiting her relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Price and others in Marlinton.

WHY PAY RENT?

I have to offer three nice town residences, two good store properties, a few farms and other real estate. List your property with me for quick sale. If you want to sell or buy farms or other land values first see what I have.

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Stephen Girard



As a small boy he ran away to sea and at nineteen was captain and part owner of a trading vessel. Invested savings were profitable and he supported the government with a five-million-dollar loan in the 1812 war. Girard college for poor boys is his monument.

There is not much variation in these stories of men's achievements. The poor boy who works earnestly and saves as much as possible for future investment generally is the person who commands men and directs great enterprises in after years.

Now is the time for you to build for the future. Begin by depositing a part of your salary with us this week. Get the saving habit. It will help you later.

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